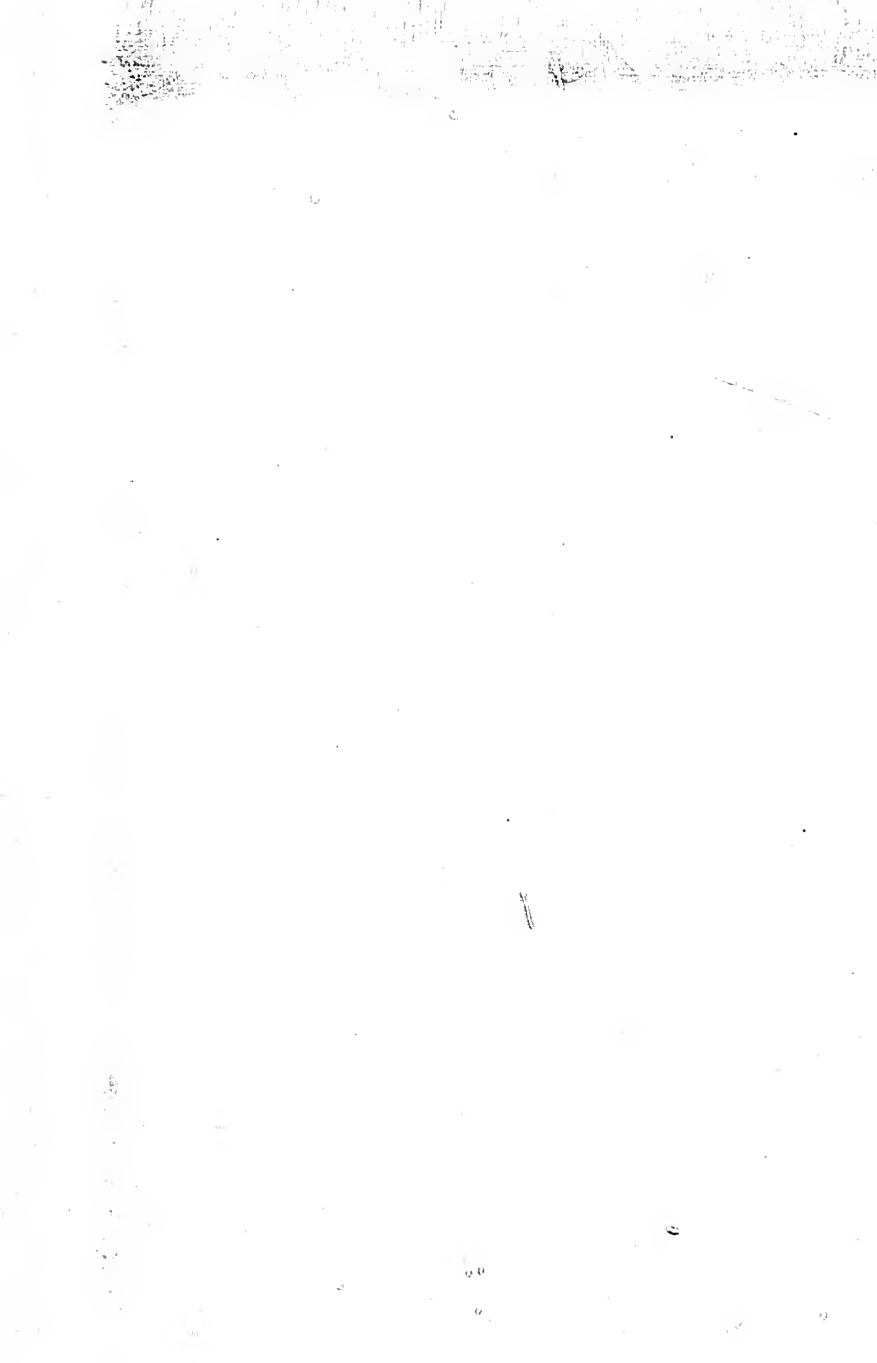


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THE TRI-COLOR;

OR THE

THREE DAYS OF BLOOD, IN PARIS.

WITH

SOME OTHER PIECES.

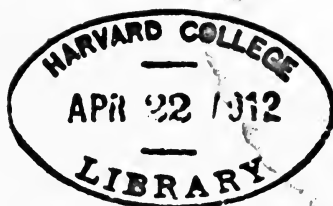
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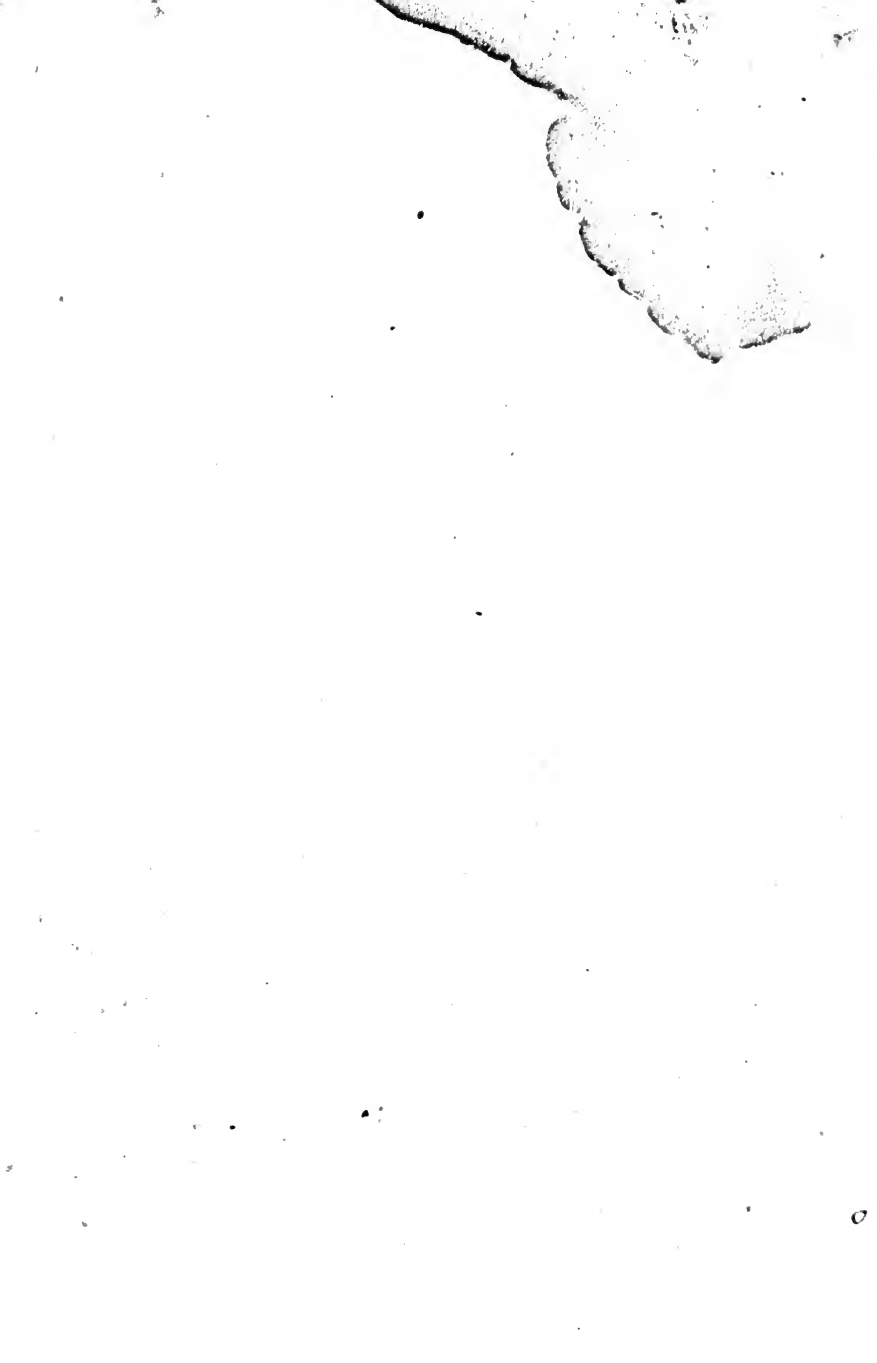
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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Work, now offered to the notice of the British Public, is by an American Citizen. It has grown entirely out of the recent events in the French metropolis, and may very well be considered the natural ebullitions of feeling in the citizen of a nation, the practice of which, in all revolutionary matters, it has been, to exult in each overthrow of oppression, as one more stride taken by human nature, towards the attainment of that still remote, but as events have shewn, far from ideal state of existence—the exercise of their own will in so much as relates to their individual control, and in society, their free self government, as a class of equal and rational beings. For the imperfections of the volume, he has no apology to offer beyond the patriotic feeling, to which it owes its origin. In matters of this nature, as sometimes in a court of justice, indulgences are shewn to the effects of human impulse, which in most instances are denied to the consequences of human reason and deliberation.



INTRODUCTION.

THE French Revolution of July last, is an event so recent, that it may be considered a task of supererogation, to notice it in form—the more particularly indeed, as it does not come within the design or powers of the present writer, to afford a more full or regular narrative, than those already presented to all readers, through the medium of the public newspapers of the day. It would, perhaps, at the same time, be in a taste equally objectionable, while immediately referring to the subject, to overlook entirely, those prominent details belonging to it, which cannot fail, to elicit from every individual, more or less of consideration and remark.

The late affairs in Paris, considered with a general reference to the manner in which they have been brought about, are of the most absorbing and extraordinary cha-

racter ; and in their detail, would necessarily call for faculties of a corresponding supremacy, to give them the fitting utterance which they unquestionably deserve. In making this remark, we do not so much apply to the mere circumstances and concern of the fierce conflict, the result of which is the deliverance of a mighty and an entire people from the worst species of human bondage. A bondage, which in the very spirit of the bitterest mockery, held out to the understandings which it sought to overpower, the shows and externals of Liberty, while its reality was utterly denied them, and about to be taken away. But we refer, more exclusively, to the high moral determination, which in the first place, in the proffered viands, detected the hidden ashes and deceit, and which, without hesitation or dread, following up this discovery, indicated, in the instance of the conductors of the French Press, the way to Freedom, which was subsequently so unanimously and energetically pursued by the people. A determination, the sublime of which, only equalled by the aggressions which called it into activity, is scarcely diminished by the necessity from which it had its origin. Nor was this determination, in the case before us, ill-advised or precipitate. There are periods in the affairs of individuals and nations alike, when, what to a common mind would seem rashness and folly, is the result of the highest species of resolution and deliberate manhood. This, indeed, may be held that higher species of courage, which draws its influences from the moral and animal energies

alike. What we sometimes call despair, is of this high species of comprehensive reasoning, which, overlooking the minutiae of little arguments, sees, as from an eminence, the broad prospect before it, and having chosen the path which it shall take, descends into it without hesitation, and free from all fear.

The French Revolution had become a stern necessity with that gallant people. They had borne the very uttermost of oppression, short of animal servitude, and to that condition, they were rapidly hastening. They had borne it, too, with a meekness, which, but for the after course so readily taken by them, might have savoured, not a little, of pusillanimity and a forbearance attenuated beyond the true line drawn by the humblest spirit of religion. The progress to absolute power, of the monarch, whom they expelled, was rapidly consummating. But a few more strides were necessary to that end. He had planted his mercenaries around them, in order the more effectually to deter the spirited and indignant from the assertion of their rights and liberty. He had, not so gradually as effectually, contracted the limits of civil freedom into the narrowest compass, and by extending around it the emissaries and agents of power, the very elbow room, necessary to its free movement, was taken away—and the consequence was, as we have seen, that the recoil of those energies so compressed, broke away the feeble dykes, which had dammed them in, and with the swollen energies of their flood, roused into anger by

obstruction, not only swept down the agents and instruments, but the very authors and designers of the conspiracy against them.

But it is a mistaken feeling, with those who regret, that power should so far forget itself at times, as to overstep the boundaries and limitations of right and justice. These aggravated assaults upon her, but serve to inspire and to strengthen the defences and to designate the land-marks of civil liberty. We should not consider it a mischance, when Tyranny becomes insolent and overbearing. There is a period of purification necessary in Society, when men slumber over their rights and liberties, and either from an overstrained degree of confidence in the infallibility of their institutions, or their luxuries, or ignorance, supinely refer to others the conduct of those affairs, which can never be held secure from infringement, out of their own custody and observation. Tyranny, then, is but an instrument in the hands of an all-seeing Providence, to awaken them from their slumbers, and arouse them to the performance of those duties which they have too long suffered themselves to neglect. If Liberty is liberal, she is also jealous ; and to preserve her chastity, she must be armed with perpetual watchfulness, and those who seek her embraces must be taught to remember that she is only to be won by the virtuous, the enlightened and the brave—only to be secured in possession, by unceasing love, true courage, and a weapon, always burnished and ready for the strife.

The following brief summary of the events of the three days in Paris, taken from the United Service Journal, are furnished by an eye-witness upon that memorable occasion, and exhibit a graphic detail of such portions of that affair, as may be supposed likely to have taken the attention of an intelligent spectator. The statements made, are, I perceive, confirmed substantially by the contemporaneous Journals, of whatever party—for this reason, and with an eye to the condensed form of the narrative which follows, I have given it the preference over all others. Where it has been supererogatory in its particulars, I have taken the liberty of abridging them to the limits imposed by my bookseller; taking care, at the same time, to supply whatever hiatus may appear, by a reference to more full and equally responsible authorities. I make no apology, for the details which follow, familiar as they must be to most readers; but offer them as a necessary addenda to the rest of the volume.

Ever since the appointment of Prince Polignac, daily reports threatened us with a *coup d'état*. The ministerial papers menaced such a measure one day, deprecated it the next, and anon took fire at the bare supposition. Fears were frequently expressed by the best informed, that Polignac would hold his place, and might conquer in the end—the royal power had been uniformly successful, it was said. There was a general feeling of depression; but no one expected a gross violation of the character. Intrigue and half measures were far more dreaded.

Hence, when the ordonnances of the 26th, appeared in Monday's *Moniteur*, the first feeling excited, after an interval of astonishment had passed, was that of joy.

Paris, on Monday the 26th, was like the basin of a river, into which a cataract falls. Its population was abroad, roaming, running, eddying round and about. There was a trouble, and turmoil, more in the depths than on the surface. Each man questioned his neighbour; and each face, full of anxiety and import, looked a question. On the Exchange the ordonnances were discussed—that is, on the *place* outside, for within it was a Babel of disorder. “I’ll not pay a tax,” quoth one. “It cannot last,” said another. “It will cost us years to recover our liberties.” Every one assented to this. “But win them we will with our last blood.” No one as yet talked of resistance, or of seizing a musket.

Meantime, the editors of the Opposition Journals met—in Paris a respectable paper has four or five editors—they were at a loss what to do. They sought Dupin, and asked him how they might best oppose, and in a legal manner, the illegal ordonnances which established the censorship. Dupin hung back, and feared to commit himself. The liberal editors consulted amongst each other—they were emboldened, it is said, by the presence of some deputies, especially by that of De la Borde—and came to the resolve to print and publish in the teeth of the ordonnancés.

Meantime, other classes had not been idle. Commer-

cial and manufacturing men of every kind discharged their workmen, and groups of idle artisans soon filled the streets, and gleaned from their betters the cause and the spirit of discontent. Even on this evening there were some preludes to the approaching storm. The *gens d'armes* were obliged to draw their swords and disperse the mobs in the Palais Royal, the crowd retreating from them. Prince Polignac, narrowly escaped being seized in his carriage on the Boulevard. His windows and those of other ministers were broken.

On Tuesday, things looked worse. The smiling air of some, the anxious looks of others, had disappeared. Men looked angry, flushed. The printers, all out of work, scattered themselves through the city, each with a prohibited Journal, which they read aloud to a large group. Loud huzzas followed each violent paragraph. The Government soon learned the contumacy of the Opposition Journals, in appearing, and the police were sent to destroy the establishments. They got into the office of the *National*, and destroyed the presses. They were seven hours fumbling at the doors of *le Temps*, a paper whose office is in the Rue Richelieu. Several smiths were summoned to aid in forcing the doors; but when the article of the charter, which declared the deed burglarious, was shown them, they refused and retired. All this enlivened the flame; incident succeeded to incident; resistance here, resistance there; the mob gathered thicker, felt its right first, and then its force. But

curiosity was still the predominant feeling. Resentment was hidden, or evaporated but in the cries of *Vive la Charte !*

On Tuesday Evening, the crowd as usual gathered about the Palais Royal—shut out from the garden, they thronged in the Place and in the Rue St. Honore, where the Rue Richelieu joins the former street, the Foot Guards were drawn up in the Place du Palais Royal, the mob hemming them in and shouting '*Vive la Charte.*' They were then fired on and made to give back. A troop of lancers now issued from the Carrousel and galloping up the Rue Richelieu, drove the populace before them. The Carrousel, at this time, contained not more than three thousand troops.

The 5th and 53d regiments of the line were in the place Vendome, through which at the time several carriages of the noble and the gay were rolling on their evening's drive to the Bois de Boulogne. During all this night there were partial rencontres about the Palais Royal, and the Rue St. Honore, the mob fighting with stones and always flying from the attack. There were some fifty people killed altogether, one a woman. Her body was conveyed into the interior and more populous parts of the city, where it excited great indignation. It was on this evening that a General, clearing the Rue St. Honore at the head of the Guard, stopped opposite Lawson's Hotel. Some tiles having been flung from a neighbouring house, he ordered the soldiers to fire up, which

they did at the windows of the Hotel, crowded with gazers. Mr. Foulkes, a young English student in medicine, and a waiter, were killed by the discharge; two persons were wounded. The armourers shops were all pillaged on the same night. The search for arms was general, and betokened serious purposes of resistance. The Deputies present in Paris had assembled on Monday, to the number of thirty-two. They considered themselves too few for any public declaration. They amounted to sixty-five on Tuesday, and they signed a vigorous protest against the ordonnance, declaring null that which dissolved them. The people attacked the wooden guard house of the Police, on the Place de la Bourse, on Tuesday night, and burned it. The flames were so brilliant, as to look at a distance like a prodigious conflagration. "Paris is on fire," was the cry of the Faubourgs.

At five o'clock on Wednesday morning the population had not risen. Scarcely a soldier or *gen d'arme* was to be seen, except in the Carrousel. The lamps were generally broken, and the streets strewn with plaster, showed symptoms of a mere row. As shop doors and window shutters opened, however, the streets became again full. The crowd gathered around the burned guard house near the Bourse, and re-illuminated the smoking rafters with shouts and ejaculations of triumph. There had been shots fired here and lives lost. The shutters of a tin shop at the end of the Rue Vivienne bore marks of a score of bullets. The pavements were

stained with blood. By six, the crowd had gathered opposite the Theatre Français, and around the shop of the King's gunsmith, Le Page, who was said to have killed a *citizen*, (such was already the expression, savouring strongly of revolution,) in defending his house. Here were groups communicating the events of the preceding night. The Fauborg St. Antoine, the haunt of the lower classes, and the nursery of *sans culottism*, had risen, had had the better of the Cuirassiers on the preceding night, and were pouring into the centre of Paris. I could see this was true, from the universally squalid tattered forms that began to appear in the crowd, each with his day's provision of bread in his breast or beneath his arm. Then it was whispered, that the line, especially the fifth regiment, had refused to fire on the people. The Colonel had been broken for his luke-warmness. Amidst the gathering tumults, the Guard was relieved at the Palais Royal. *Long live the Line! down with the Guard!* was the cry of the populace.

On this morning appeared an ordinance declaring Paris in a state of siege, and giving the command to Marmont, Duke of Ragusa. Troops, were ordered in from the stations around Paris. On their side the Constitutionalists were not idle. The National Guard was to meet, it was generally understood, although few on this day appeared in uniform. Those friends who had met peaceably to discuss events and communicate intelligence on Tuesday, gave each other rendezvous with

arms on Wednesday. By mid-day, Paris was the scene of a number of partial combats, each quarter attacking or defending according to its force and zeal. In the Rue St. Antoine, the first tri-coloured flag was hoisted ; its bearer was trampled to death beneath the hoofs of the Cuirassiers' horse ; but the people no longer fled outright. They made a stand on the steps of the Protestant Church, and held their ground. They assumed the offensive near the Porte St. Martin, where a column of artisans attacked and worsted another squadron of Cuirassiers. The *gens d'armes* barrack is here ; and the surrounding houses were converted into so many fortresses, each window showing a musket or two, and the balconies stored with paving stones, that the barrack was, in a manner, besieged. The Porte St. Dennis displayed a similar scene. On the Italian Boulevard there was as yet no resistance, yet the cannon swept it impitiously. It was evidently, as may be imagined, and from the aspect of the flying crowd, the triumph of the military ; but this being the opulent quarter, as well as that nearest to the Tuilleries, and the head quarters of the soldiery, resistance could not so well be organized there. Some half dozen National Guards were seen from time to time hurrying to their rendezvous.

But other parts exhibited a different picture. The Hotel de Ville is taken. A Provisional Government will immediately be established. Lafayette, or Gerard, or La Marque, will have the command of the National

Guard. By two hours, there will be military chiefs to conduct and order the defence. A despatch has been intercepted coming from Comte Walsh, stating that the line cannot be depended on. At this moment a regiment of Guards marched in from St. Dennis—it was a painful sight. This moment there was every hope of a speedy issue to the contest, and here came reinforcements to prolong the struggle, and to render it doubtful.

In Paris about five, entrenchments had begun. Every hand and tool were busied, dislodging and piling up paving stones. Carts and wagons were upset, barrels, planks, loads of sand, every material was put in requisition. At the Boulevard, there had been two fatal discharges. The gens d'armes were in the Rue Basse; the Guard on the Boulevard. The latter had lost six officers within the last two hours. One had been killed by a boy, who fired a pistol in his face. The soldiers were at this moment exasperated, still they were polite.

After five minutes, was the *feu de peloton* renewed. The strife was still more hot. The *place* of the Palais Royal and the adjacent streets were one scene of combat, which now lasted all night without intermission. The Hotel de Ville had been again carried. The troops had been supported by artillery, which swept the quays and even across the river. It is singular, how little execution was done by a cannon shot. Perhaps those who served them, did not do their duty; but certainly, with one's previous idea of the effect of cannon, there was

courage gathered by observing their comparative harmlessness. Very few fell before a discharge. A most gallant act was the advance of the people over the narrow iron-bridge that faces the *Place de Greve*, in which it is to be held in mind the Hotel de Ville is situated. The leader was killed. He said his name was D'Arcole. The bridge will ever bear it. There was a piece of cannon taken here. The Swiss Guards were beaten back; and thus the Island of the city, and the whole quays as far the Louvre, fell into the hands of the populace. The tri-color flag was again hoisted at the Hotel de Ville. The Archbishops palace was also plundered; and the big tocsin of Notre Dame beginning to toll, proclaimed to all Paris, the triumph of her citizens. Then indeed the whole population poured forth. He who had a musket advanced to the combat. There was no longer suspense, no longer a lack of courage. The pupils of the Polytechnic, or artillery school, burst out of their college, and scattered, each to head a portion of the mob. The barracks of Babylon, the Invalids, the Abbaye, were all carried, the Swiss defending the barracks of Babylon for several hours, slaying a hundred citizens, and losing a great number themselves.

The four days of trouble were the hottest of the year; days of superlative loveliness; the sun in all its glory, with a gentle east wind. Wednesday night was moonlight; we could clearly distinguish the different steeples and large public buildings, as well as the smoke that arose

from the firing. Early in the night, the sounds of muskets were most frequent in the Faubourg Poissonniere. Indeed, there were three hours, during which, it was incessant in that one spot ; a continued rolling fire, like that which heralds in an action betwixt two regular armies. Every two or three minutes the cannon thundered in the direction of the quays ; we could at times discern the flash , and if there was by chance a momentary pause, then came the hum, the heavy gigantic boom of the tocsin of Notre Dame, the *bourdon*, as it is popularly and characteristically called, the sound of which came laden with all the dread associations of the Revolution.

An hour before day, the firing ceased, to recommence when the hour had elapsed. A thousand entrenchments had been raised in Paris. It would have required a hundred thousand men to have kept each street, and interrupted their labors. On Thursday morning, the 29th, the troops were concentrated in the Louvre, the Tuilleries the Palais Royal, and the adjacent streets. A provisional government had been proclaimed, consisting of General Lafayette and Gerard, and the Duke de Choiseul. One *unknown individual* had appointed this government, soon a *de facto* one ; *he had merely the command of a printing press.* As to the Duke de Choiseul, he was never consulted, but his name was of use. Lafayette accepted the command of the National Guard. As to the fight, the pupils of the Polytechnic School, alone, appeared to command.

The point most pressed by the people, or by the National Guard, for that uniform became now conspicuous, was the Louvre. The Swiss defended it, and fired with a murderous aim upon those who endeavored to raise entrenchments opposite to it; a huge blunder was made in not completing them by night. As the people were complete masters of the other side of the river, there was a discharge of cannon, from time to time, from the front gate of the Louvre, to clear the Pont des Arts. These discharges took effect on the front of the poor institute opposite, which it terribly speckled; a cannon ball nearly carried away a pilaster. Marmont at length, urged by the reproaches of the Ministry, resolved to relieve the Louvre by clearing the streets to the left of it and beyond it. He advanced about ten o'clock, to the Place des Victoires, at the head of fresh troops, and from thence ordered them to clear the streets which diverge from that point. The citizens at first retreated from this formidable attack; but the exasperation and carnage were now so great, that each house became a fortress, and each window an embrasure, from which shots were fired without intermission. Marmont, himself, penetrated as far as the Rue Montmartre, but was driven back by the fire. From the moment it was known that Marmont retreated, the troops were ready to surrender. An officer of the Guards came forward near the Rue de la Paix, and an armistice was concluded on the Italian Boulevard, for that quarter. The fifth regiment which held the Marche des

Jacobins, declared they would no longer fire, but begged that their lines might not be forced ; but the firing about the Louvre did not cease.

The place of the Palais Royal was the scene of dreadful butchery. The Guards having been fired on from the houses, attacked and entered them, flinging the defenders from the windows, and they themselves taking their station in their strong, but insulated posts. Houses and rooms were forced, one by one, and at a great loss. The officers were never spared. The Rue St. Honore was strewn with dead—the soldier stripped—the poor wretch in his rags. By a circuitous way, it was possible to gain the Pont Neuf. Signs of strife were in every street, especially about the Halle. The bridge was crowded with the curious, with even more women than men, although a ball from the Louvre would now and then whistle past, and smash a window on the quay. The Swiss were firing from the windows and the colonnade of the Louvre upon the people, of whom, could only be seen a few skirmishers here and there, behind the water-house, and under the low parapet. A pupil of the Polytechnic School was alone on horseback on the quay, commanding, and exposing himself fool-hardily, but he never dropped. At length, and of a sudden, the musketry ceased ; there was a rush over the Pont des Arts, as well as round the Louvre ; it was carried. What a scene was the Louvre ! Within and without, the dead lay thick. The people were roaming through the gilded apartments,

whilst the sound of arms told that the soldiers were still defending the Tuilleries : in fact, that palace had been twice carried, once, needlessly, before the Louvre was mastered, and thus many lives were idly lost. The crossing of the Pont Royal under the fire of the Pavillion de Marsan, was said to be gallant. After the Louvre and the arsenal were conquered, the Tuilleries made little resistance, till a leader was shot, one of the Polytechnic School ; the populace placed him on the throne, and covered him with their victorious flags. An editor of the National was the first to hoist the tri-colour on the Tuilleries. The troops retreated through the Champs Elysees and Chaillot, to the Bois de Boulogne. They lost some fifty men in the narrow street of Chaillot. Victory could not have been more complete.

The conquerers had the satisfaction of eating dinner prepared in the royal kitchen, for the ministers probably, who were there that morning. They found the wine excellent. The King's bed was torn in pieces, and his statue flung out of the window. That of Louis Dix-huit was respected, as that of the author of the Charte. With all this, it is surprising how little was the excess ; there were one or two instances, perhaps, where vengeance was wreaked on the body of a Swiss, by dragging it along or suspending it—but this was rare. A couple of hundred bodies were summarily buried near the spots where they fell.

How was the gate of the Louvre opened ? This was

an enigma. All agreed that it was a boy of 15 who gained the colonnade, descended inside—and putting his musket's mouth to the lock, fired, and broke the bolt or the lock! He was shot in four or five places.

At eight o'clock in the evening the sun had ceased to shine and the swords to glitter. The forces of the King had been expelled from nearly all their positions, and but a small portion of Paris remained in their power. The troops still, however, remained in various parts of the Capital, and their line extended from the Louvre to the Palais Royal, through the Rue St. Honore—the extremity of the Rue Richelieu—the Marche des Jacobins—the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs—the Rue Gallion—the Place Vendome—the Rue de la Paix—the Boulevard de la Madeleine—the Rue Royale—the Place Louis XVI., and the Champs Elysees, with the communication of the Bridge of the Chamber of Deputies. Thus not one-tenth part of Paris was in possession of the Royalist party, and all the remaining nine-tenths were opposed to the forces of the King. Nor was this all. Exhausted by fatigue and want—driven into quarters from which they could make no attack, but might, on the contrary, be surrounded by the citizens—and most of them averse to firing on Frenchmen, and those, in many cases, members of their families—the soldiers were greatly dissatisfied and loudly complained. But above all, they murmured that neither the King, the Dauphin, nor the Marshals of France, who had sworn eternal fidelity to the

Bourbons, were there to head the forces, and conduct them to victory. They were assisted by none—and avoided by all. In vain was the “Order of the Day” following, read—in vain did Ragusa and his satellites cry “Vive le Roi”—in vain were efforts of all sorts made by promises and by gifts, to secure the zeal, and guarantee the activity of the soldiers for the following day, all these measures proved abortive, and the Royalist cause was not merely lost with the citizens, but with the army.

This detail comprises the most prominent events of the Revolution of Three Days. The details here given, will obviate the necessity of notes, explanatory of the metrical portions which follow; and which, the author respectfully commends to the indulgence of the reader.

THE THREE DAYS OF BLOOD.

It was on a peerless night,
When the Autumn sky was clear,
And the young moon's gentle light,
Trembled in the balmy air ;
In a hall, where lamps were bright,
Gather'd many a form, and there
Were the gay and gallant met,
In a circle, seldom yet,
For rich lips and eyes of jet,
Youthful charms and proud array,
Rivalled in our nether sphere.
There were lords and ladies gay—
Gentle maids, in early prime,
Never breathed upon by Time,
Clustering, like young roses, lay—

Lips, to tempt the Anchorite
 From his cold and cheerless cell ;
 Eyes, in whose meridian light,
 Gather'd many a spell !
 Vainly would my humble lyre,
 Of each crowning influence speak ;
 Tho' each feeling sense were fire,
 Dumb were rapture to inspire—
 Language dull and weak.

Gaily lit was that saloon,
 And amid the columns wide—
 Through the trees, the yellow moon
 Flung her gentle beams beside :—
 And upon the watchful ear,
 Trilled a trickling fountain near ;
 Vagrant zephyrs, through the trees,
 Made the softest melodies ;
 From a village cot, afar,
 Tinkled light, a rattle guitar—
 And the song that with it rose,
 Heard, at every trembling close,
 In a sad and fitful tone,
 Was as gentle as its own.

Sh the scene, and joyful they,
 In that glad assembly were ;

Nature, all around, was gay,

And they felt with her :

Pleasing sports of gentlest power,

Won away the rapid hour—

Hearts—true hearts—were then united

Vows—true vows—again were plighted—

Love, for once, had laid aside,

Golden bow and fatal dart,

And with weapon, won his bride,

Meet for young and tender heart—

Tokens treasured near the breast,

Kindred to that throbbing part,

In the passion they confess'd,

Made some other wearer bless'd.

Generous Mirth, his garner'd store,

Fruits that Aden held before,

Lavish'd with profusive mood,

'Midst that happy multitude.

Every cold restraint had fled,

Formal breeding—illy-bred—

Chill decorum—bigot sense ;

And their places filled, instead,

With sweet ease and confidence.

Hark ! a murmur fills the air—

Wild and sweet the strain that rose,

As if, when some planet sphere

By some fatal destiny,
 Driven from its station high,
 Through the dim and troubled sky

Wails and murmurs, ere it goes.

And a spell it had o'er all,
 In that gay and happy hall,
 That had power, at once, to still,
 As by some proud monarch's will,

Every murmur to repose.

Lo, the flying dancers pause

In their rapid glad career,

Crowding forth to learn the cause

Of the anthem streaming there.

And the tambourine is mute,

Breathless is the breathing flute ;

And the youthful lovers steal

From each close and ivied bower ;

Taught, though wrapt in dreams, to feel,

The strong magic of that power.

High, amid the clustering crowd,

Standing on the marble floor—

Rung the song and music loud,

Of a youthful Troubadour.

He was but a boy in years,

And of tender make and look—

With a heart that throb'd with fears,

And a form, that, though it be
Firm and graceful, as the tree
Growing on high Lebanon,

With his deep emotion, shook.

Yet his spirit was not one,

To desert him at his need ;

Well its secret pow'r was known,

And, with gathering thought, at length,

He hath marshall'd up his strength.

Musical as any reed,

He hath bade each maiden gay, .

Now, to mute attention, won,

Listen to his lay.

Pictured in his witching strain,

Rose upon the enamour'd glance,

The high rule and proud domain,

Well-fill'd city, smiling plain,

Of the glorious realm of France !

Region of the Conqueror, .

Whatsoe'er the name he bears—

Where are now the spoils she wore,

Gather'd in the strife of years !

True, that Beauty still hath pow'r,

In each tessellated bower ;

And the Muses, prompt to pay,

Wild Devotion's burning lay—

Linger o'er the gentle lute,
 While the song is never mute.
 There the painter, wooed by taste,
 Won by homage, still hath dyes,
 Bright and glowing, such as haste,
 Fleetly o'er the ev'ning skies.
 Minstrelsy and Eloquence
 There, alike, their pow'rs combine,
 In a language, so intense,
 Feeling deems them both divine.
 Such the picture that he drew—
 But it had its shadows too !
 For in sad, and hurried strain,
 As if struck by sudden pain,
 Murmur'd forth, a requiem came
 For the promise of that morn;
 Day of splendour, set in shame,
 That in victory was born.

And with a high commanding skill,
 Not such is often met on earth,
 He bade that hall, at once, be still,
 And hush'd its voice of mirth.
 Strung by a deep and holy power,
 With visions dread, he filled the hour—
 He bade the past return once more,
 And all its captive spoils restore ;

The battle field, the fight, the pain,
 His wizard music brought again—
 With touch, so vivid to the view,
 The magic picture that he drew,
 That, not an eye within that hall,
 But felt and saw and knew it all.

And first the Imperial sway he sung,
 The purple torn, the sceptre wrung,
 To glut the Bourbon's pride,
 From one, who, in his grasp intense,
 Defied the very elements,
 As he had earth defied.
 But thrown and bound by foreign power,
 Ascends the throne in evil hour,
 With Albion's mightier aid,
 The despot to the Priest allied,
 With many a cringing slave beside,
 In his high state, arrayed.
 Then Charles, the imbecile and tool,
 Of juggling scheme and Jesuit school,
 Assumes the crown and wields the rule—
 Drunk with the spoil he had not won,
 And driven by bigot phrensy on,
 To dark design, and tyrant aim,
 Begun in crime and closed in shame,
 And evil time for France :

But vengeance has its day, tho' far,
 And he who wakes, shall wail, the war—
 And God, the Universal King,
 In his appointed hour shall bring,
 To make the land, that Tyrants mar,
 A fit deliverance !

No more the voice of mirth is heard,
 For Paris, in her hour of gloom,
 Can utter forth no single word,
 Save that of vengeance, long prefer'd—
 She seems her own vast tomb.
 Hath not her monarch, sworn to sway,
 As her own rights should still require,
 Cast down the laws he should obey,
 And mock'd his people's fond desire.
 Long had they mark'd, how, pace by pace,
 The Tyrant fill'd each guardian place ;
 O'erthrew the statues, sacred there
 To Freedom, and with daring hand,
 Built up unnumber'd forms of fear,
 That shook, with terror, all the land.
 Nor here, alone, content to pause—
 Still held, as yet, inviolate,
 The charter of her sacred laws,
 He destin'd to an equal fate.
 But here, her guardian Genius came,

And when, with ruthless force he stood—
 And in his recklessness of shame,
 Call'd for his children's blood—
 When daring still the smother'd fire,
 He trampled on the sacred press ;
 And in his impotent desire,
 To blight the land, he could not bless,
 Betray'd his spirit's littleness—
 When, like a most unnatural sire,
 He bade his gallant subjects bleed,
 Heading a low and foreign band,
 And, to each sanguinary deed,
 Guiding each hireling hand—
 Uprose that guardian Genius then,
 And marshall'd round her, there they stood
 A patriot host of noble men,
 True hearts and fearless blood !—
 And high the spirit ruling there,
 And dread the vengeance of despair ;
 And fearful, was the warning given,
 By that wrong'd people in their might,
 To all who claim the gift of heaven,
 To sanction crime and trample right.

And now the song, whose witching tone
 Spoke but the soul of gentleness,
 To one full burst of phrensy grown,

Rung thro' that listening hall, until
 Re-echoed music, wild and shrill,
 Went up, from each surrounding hill,
 Thro' the aerial wilderness.

Heaved then the close and laboring breast
 With the strong accent scarce suppress'd,
 And told that minstrel's power, how deep—
 Yet, in his dream of song intense,
 Unconscious of his influence,

Still did his lyre its burden keep—
 And he, who woke its proudest tone,
 Of all that gather'd crowd, alone,
 He shed no tear, he had no thought
 Of all the spell that still he wrought
 O'er every heart around—

But wrapt, as one in musing mood,
 Who walks the hidden solitude
 Unconscious of a sound,
 His spirit seem'd to soar away,
 Even from his own sweet lay.

Then, as the occasion grew more strong,
 And foster'd by repeated wrong,
 More daring in his insolence,
 That Tyrant sought to overthrow,
 The bulwarks raised in their defence
 'Gainst foreign and domestic foe,

By patriot hearts, that could not be,
 While thought was high and freedom dear
 The willing tools of Tyranny.

The instruments of fear—

Then rose the hymn of vengeance high,
 And in his glowing song portray'd,
 Were seen the sons of Liberty,

In panoply array'd.

Yet buckled they no armour then,
 But with the hearts of freeborn men,
 The unmailed breast, the shout of glee,
 The anthem of the daring free,

They gather'd to the fight ;—

What banner'd pomp of hireling Swiss
 Can force a bulwark firm as this ?

The pass of hearts and human right—
 Thermopylæ of souls, that stood,
 Sure bulwarks in whatever land,

With strong and superhuman might—
 Though drench'd and dabbled deep in blood
 That stood, and shall forever stand.

And thus—he sung, with aspect proud,

On that eventful day when first,

The cataracts of vengeance burst,

And came that furious crowd—

Mix'd in the throng, I saw them rise,

As to a mighty sacrifice,
 That grateful seem'd to earth and skies,
 In one vast ocean blent.
 Solemn their aspect then, and still,
 As nature, ere the volcan roars ;
 Marshall'd along, as some fierce will,
 Whose flood, dyked in, and sternly pent,
 Has overleapt its narrow shores,
 And bounds to meet the firmament.
 Roll'd they along in desperate mood,
 To where the armed Tyrant stood,
 His banner'd slaves around ,
 Nor daunted at the martial glare,
 Of those leagu'd hireling soldiers there,
 Did then, that fearless multitude,
 Yield up a foot of ground.
 Sternly they claim those ancient rights,
 The trophies of a thousand fights,
 Their freedom, now debarr'd—
 With scorn the Tyrant heard the claim,
 And heedless of the pregnant shame,
 Advance !—he cried,—my guard !
 Oh ! Freedom, in thy gathering store
 Of hoarded vengeance, boiling o'er,
 Hadst thou not one of deadlier birth,
 One fitting blow, one meet reward,
 To strike that Tyrant down to earth !
 True to their ruthless trade, that band,

Of mercenaries, paid and bought,
 Obey'd, at once, the dread command—
 And in their very homes, and nigh
 The altars, rear'd to Liberty—
 In streets, for which, their sires had fought,
 In homes, endear'd by many a tie,
 Of pride and kindred sympathy,
 The people were hewn down, and Death,
 Shook high his purple flag, imbrued,
 In Freedom's own and choicest blood.
 But in their proud and parting breath,
 Went up the fearful cry of wrath,
 Nor rose that cry in vain :
 Repulsed, they fled, but not afar,
 To gather, for the coming war,
 And recompense the slain.
 Grim Vengeance, with ensanguined brow,
 Bound them, by many a fearful vow—
 And, as his gory locks he shook,
 Above that crowd, all silent now,
 A fatal oath they took.
 An oath of dread—and he who heard,
 Repeated oft, the solemn word,
 Till, in that city's walls, there stood
 No single form of human life,
 That pledged not then its living blood,
 For vengeance in that field of strife.

'Tis midnight, but on high, the moon,
 Careering, seeks her highest noon,
 Without one speck or cloud, to blight
 The passing glory of her light—
 Her gentle smile and searching ray,
 To man still compensates the day,
 With such a pure and quiet grace,
 O'er earth and in the realm of space,
 Wherein, a throned Queen, she keeps
 Her silent sway, while nature sleeps,
 No eye can watch her spirit sphere,
 And know, it too must pass away,
 Nor feel one tear-drop gathering there !

'Tis midnight—but the murmuring din,
 Proclaims that Paris does not rest ;
 She holds a fearful craft within,
 Her wide and laboring breast.
 And ringing arms, and hissing lead,
 And threats, of more than human dread,
 Attest the rising vengeance there.—
 The quiet moonlight, tho' it falls,
 With sweetest grace, among her walls,
 And lights each gloomy street, and yields
 A nameless glory to her fields—
 And silvers o'er each rippling water,
 That, ere the coming night, shall wear,

The purple hue of slaughter—
 Accords not, in its gentler sway,
 That mild, and unobtrusive ray,
 With those fell spirits which now brood

O'er many a deed of glory done ;
 The vengeance of the multitude,
 The tempests wrath, the ocean's mood,
 Less deadly than the angry feud,

Already, more than half begun.
 For in its season, slumbering long,
 'Neath silent fraud and open wrong,
 Even Liberty, though born of love,
 And social order, mild as they,
 Must now no more its weakness prove,
 Must lose the temper of the dove,

And, like the vulture, strike its prey !
 With desperate haste they buckle on,
 The weapon for the coming toil ;
 The grey hair'd sire, the beardless son,
 And woman too, will she not shun,

The terrors of that coil ?
 Her soul, for other thought, was made
 Than well befits the warlike trade—
 And worse than death, beneath her eye,
 To see the loved and valiant die—
 Her heart was framed in gentler mood,
 What would she in a field of blood !
 Yet—ready as her aged sire,

She joins the preparation dread ;
 Prepares the steel and builds the fire,
 And pours and moulds the melted lead.
 Her kindled eye and glowing cheek,
 A common cause of glory, speak ;
 Nor shrinks she back, with hurried breath,
 From each dread instrument of death—
 But, in the breathless hour of strife,
 Fearless, as at each other hour,
 She does not shrink, tho' dangers low'r,
 Through fear of death or love of life.
 She bids her lover forth, in tears,
 Yet buckles on, the brand he wears ;
 And, with a look, which well repays,
 Each struggle of his after-days,
 She bids him seek the field of fight,
 And strike the foe—and if it need,
 For freedom, that a victim bleed,
 Himself, to offer for the right.

Morn breaks, and with th' awak'ning day,
 Begins, anew, the fatal fray,
 More deadly than before ;
 The hoarded wrath of years reveal'd,
 Unburied long, yet still conceal'd,
 Brings many a spirit to the field,
 With vengeance boiling o'er.

Long slumb'ring hate, th' undying mood,
 O'er which the trampled soul will brood,
 'Till each foul insult, roused anew,
 Darkly, terrifically true,

Starts up before the awakened sense,
 And claims a deadly recompense.

Thus roused, all Paris firmly stands,

And in the pray'r, to heaven, for aid,

In Freedom's oft-renew'd crusade,

Lifts up her hundred thousand hands.

Each street sends forth its countless host,

Tho' little order now they boast,

Yet marshall'd with a fire intense,

A strong and undivided aim,

Their tools of toil and implements,

Are now, the warlike instruments

Of vengeance and of Fame.

One impulse to one course must guide,

And headlong leaps the living tide,

Unyielding, unrestrained ;

Onward, with newer force each hour,

'Till borne along with furious pow'r,

Each soaring height is gain'd.

What can resist that torrent deep,

That wave, that in its pathway fierce,

Has swept, and in its course, shall sweep,

While Tyrants rule, and nations weep,

The broad and boundless universe.

And, hark ! from old Saint Germain, hear
 The tolling of its awful bell ;
 Its tones of terror, on the ear,
 Come down, with dismal spell—
 A warning sound, it wakes anew
 The memory of that dreadful knell,
 It rung on Saint Bartholomew !
 A fearful day, yet scarce more dread,
 Than now, with such infuriate din
 To vengeance fit, to terror bred,
 It felly, fiercely, ushers in !
 And who, that hears its note of fear,
 Salute his half-awakened ear,
 Like some uncharnell'd spirit's tone,
 That mutters in his chamber lone,
 When still prevails the midnight hour,
 And fills it with a solemn pow'r—
 Starts not, from out his sluggard lair,
 And pants and trembles to be there ;
 And in the vague, mysterious mood,
 That thwarts and thickens all his blood,
 And with a dim abstraction, wrought,
 Deeply into the sense of thought,
 That buckles on his sword and gropes,
 Still torn by warring fears and hopes,
 With fluttering sense, to where, the crowd,
 Still gather at the summons loud.

That voice has waken'd Paris,—lo !
 The reckless thousands come and go,
 And shouts of fear, and furious cries,
 Of death and vengeance, fill the skies.—
 While, from the tower of Notre Dame,
 The tocsin rolls its warning tones,
 And beckons on, with dread acclaim,
 The countless sappers of the thrones.

They gather at the call—they leap,
 As angry billows of the deep,
 And, as the foremost waves subside,
 Still, others swell the desperate tide—
 Then rose above that deadly flood,
 A fearful voice, that cried for blood!
 For vengeance on the slaves, who dared,
 To overturn, in wanton mood,
 The altars, which so long had stood,
 Secure, mid'st many a deadly feud—
 They were employed to guard!
 That voice found many an echo then—
 The hearts of fifty thousand men,
 Responded to the cry—
 The ancient towers whose iron jaws
 Had minister'd to Tyranny—
 Whose sullen womb, had held so long,
 The fearless, who in freedom's cause,

Had battled with the strong—
 At once, as by an earthquake rent,
 Now rock'd in every battlement.
 Then shook the Tyrant in his seat,
 And crouch'd the bloodhounds at his feet ;
 The Hydra of uncharter'd pow'r,
 Ungorged, and seeking to devour,
 That, with a foul and poisonous breath,
 Went onward, as the blight of day,
 And belch'd forth chains and death—
 Supine, recumbent, lay !
 The Ithuriel spear of Truth, whose stroke,
 The spell of the enchanter broke,
 Was fasten'd, with unswerving aim,
 And rising spirit, nought could tame,
 Upon the writhing monster's throat.
 Vain then, his venomous ire, and vain
 The wrath which wrung, and idly smote,
 But could not break the enduring chain,
 Which bridled in the hellish mood
 That panted still, and cried for blood:
 Then, with its own infernal hate,
 Denied o'er other forms to prey
 That on the spot, where then it lay,
 Struck deep, into its desperate brain,
 Soon for itself—for man—too late,
 Defrauding the avenging fate !

Then rose the shout of freedom high,
 And, from the Hydra's grasp, releas'd.
 Sprung up, each son of liberty—
 His spirit high, his form erect,
 And waving arms, and step, uncheck'd,
 And glad, as at a glorious feast.
 Ay for the feast!—the feast where Death,
 Drinks in his draughts of living breath;
 Where Freedom bears the flume that guides,
 And Vengeance, all the cheer, provides:—
 Where myriads throng the golden gates,
 And where no cringing vassal waits;
 Where man, with kindred man may meet,
 Nor crouch before an equal's feet;
 And in his God's, and fellow's sight,
 May hold his own, and claim his right;
 And prove, but one allegiance given,
 To freedom and o'er ruling heaven;
 Nor, at the shrine, for which his sires,
 Have freely bled, and fairly fought,
 Withhold the speech that truth inspires,
 Or crush one high and generous thought.

Thus glorious in the sight of Heaven,
 Shall still the march of Nature be,
 Her chains, shall from her wrists, be riven,
 And all her children shall be free.

No more the sullen prostitute,
 Abased by God and man alike,
 She shall throw off the Tyrant's foot,
 And all her hands be raised to strike.
 The trickling waters shall not hear,
 Nor shall the melancholy breeze,
 Bear wide, her ineffectual pray'r,
 For vengeance, o'er the groaning seas.
 But every land, however remote
 Its winds shall rise and waters roll,
 Shall bear the glorious truth, blood-wrote,
 Of freedom to the immortal soul.
 The bird, that sings 'mid forest trees,
 The maiden, by the blue lake's side,
 The man, who dwells, where waters freeze,
 Unwarm'd by any living tide—
 And he, who 'neath a generous sun,
 Where rolls the Guadalatian wave,
 Shall own the truth, unfelt by none,
 Man was not made, by Heaven, a slave—
 To wear a chain, to bend a knee,
 Upon that spot of still loved earth,
 Which made, but did not keep him, free,
 From the first instant of his birth.
 Ay, tho' protracted be the hour,
 When man, on every shore, shall rise,
 He owns, and will exert the power,
 And claim the glorious sacrifice.

Already, hark ! the tocsin hear,
 Slow booms its strong and dreadful voice,
And o'er each land, and in each ear,
 It utters man's and freedom's choice.
A few short hours of mortal time,
 A few more thoughts—and there shall be,
A quenchless light for every clime,
 A beacon o'er the wildest sea !

THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON.

WE perceive, by the papers, that a first project of the new French Dynasty, and that, by which it proposes, without doubt, to render itself popular with the many-headed monster, is the removal of the bones of Napoleon from the solitary isle where he suffered, to the enlivening territory over which he reigned. Nor is there, altogether, a lack of fitness and sublimity in this design. It is intended to appropriate, as a fitting mausoleum for this sacred deposit, the column in the Place Vendome; a beautiful monument, framed from the cannon, taken by Napoleon at the battle of Austerlitz. A project like this, is particularly calculated to take captive the imaginations, and win the affections of the ardent people to whom it is proposed; and we should not wonder to see the entire

nation, with Philippe, the new monarch, at their head, engaged in a friendly crusade, with the British Government, for the attainment of this novel object. England will, no doubt, in such an event, readily give up her lien upon the ashes of the mighty Corsican, nor render it necessary, for those concerned in this pilgrimage, to assume a less peaceable or less sacred character. We think it not unlikely, indeed, that the country in possession, will be quite willing to forego all claim to the body of Napoleon, now ; however unwilling to do so, it may have been, on any former occasion.

It will be seen from the little poem which follows, that we by no means approve of the design in view. We cannot, for ourselves, perceive the wonderful honour that this transfer will do to the immortal subject of regard and consideration ; nor can we be made, exactly to perceive, in how much the column in the Place Vendome, will prove more becoming as a monument for Napoleon, than the scene of his trials, death and final repose. In a moral point of view, the reasons we should urge against his removal, must prove full and conclusive. The name of Napoleon is perhaps more perfectly and intimately associated with that of St. Helena, than with any single spot upon the surface of the globe. It appears to his life, precisely in the same relation as the fifth act or catastrophe to the Tragedy which it concludes. The whole life is defective, without it. Here the whole history is comprised and added up, and the sum total put down :—

Finis Coronat Opus! The nations look to it first; and as in the order of things, commonly, the previous life, achievements, successes and defeats, lead us only the more conclusively to the end—so we refer to St. Helena as to the most necessary chapter in the history of Napoleon. Again: Does not the necessity which now imposes the remains of her victim upon her, lead us more directly, to the shame of England in this transaction? Is she not now doomed to carry the proof of her dishonor about her? Is not the possession of the bones of the captive, evidence of his captivity: and is not this the disgrace that England would be very willing, forever, to remove? But we anticipate the argument of the Poem.

Considered upon a principle of the natural sublime, where can we find a tomb more imposing—more suited to the individual by whom it is occupied, or one better calculated to inspire awe and veneration in the mind of the spectator, than the “ocean isle”—removed as it is from the crowded mart—silent—rocky—solitary—washed by opposing waters, chafed by the unfettered winds that sweep over it from every quarter—with the natural sublimity of which, the puerilities of society cannot conflict, nor the little characteristics of busy life, come in collision? Who will deny that such a tomb is more in unison with the life of the mighty exile—his achievements, sufferings and death, than any mere fabric, the design and the erection of man, situated in a crowded city, and made so familiar and common to the vulgar

concerns of life, that in a short time, in spite of all the associations connected with its mighty tenant, even the man of taste, along with the artisan, fails to perceive, and cannot enjoy it.

The majesty of Freedom lives again,
 In Europe—and the spirit is abroad,
 Triumphant over Gallia's fair domain,
 Subtle and strong, and gathering to a God—
 Gaul stands erect, and, for reward too late,
 She fain would honor him, who baffled fate,
 And shrine the bones of one too long outlawed—
 Would give a monument to him, whose fame
 Won for himself, and gave to France, his name!

His bones—whose bones? the man who stood
 When realms were blazing round,
 And all his country's veins run blood,
 O'er Moscow's frozen ground—
 Who bade his locust armies haste,
 O'er Egypt's wild and pathless waste,
 Nor deemed the Alps a bound—
 Would you for such as him command,
 A tomb built up by human hand!

This were a fall, indeed, for him,
 Who, in his hour of might,
 Beheld his day star never dim,
 'Till nature join'd the fight!

Nor, 'till the Northern God had striven,
 Leagued with the mightier arm of heav'n,
 Against his warrior flight—
 Bade his fierce Eagles turn and fly,
 From blazing realm and freezing sky.

For him we make the monument
 That never can decay ;
 Which, when the wrath of Time is spent,
 May laugh to scorn, his sway.
 The Monarch, deem'd legitimate,
 May thank his stars, and honor fate,
 For shrines of crumbling clay—
 But, in thy destiny, we see,
 That Nature builds thy tomb for thee.

What other shrine could man have made,
 Fit for thy mighty bones ;
 Thou, whose fierce will and sceptre sway'd,
 Thy many sword-bought thrones :
 How should he, to the world, convey,
 The story of each bloody fray—
 How, with his up-piled stones,
 That crumble ere they well arise,
 Attest thy thousand victories !

But here, as in the battle's shock,
 When Nations join in fight,

Firmly upon this sea girt rock,
 That mocks old Ocean's might—
 Thou standest now, as thou hast stood,
 Upon the field, that run with blood,
 Nor had a thought of flight ;
 Thy tomb is meet unto thy life,
 Proud dweller in a world of strife.

What is a pillar'd spire to thee,
 Whose glory, like the sun,
 The world, the living world must see,
 And empires cannot shun ;
 No single spot, whate'er its name,
 Can add one atom to thy fame—
 Thou art that single one,
 Whose majesty of self must make,
 Each spot a trophy for thy sake.

And far more fit unto thy pride,
 That still thy form should sleep
 Within the tomb were thou wast tried,
 With torture stern and deep :
 Of old, the martyr bore the wood,
 On which he poured his choicest blood ;
 And fitter thou should'st keep,
 Upon that isle of settled gloom,
 Which saw thee suffer, still thy tomb.

More than triumphal arch can be,
 That isle is now thy own—
 And Nations oftener look to thee,
 Than on th' imperial throne—
 It is not now Saint Helen's strand,
 Nor Gaoler England's subject land,
 Her tribute claim is gone,
 Since there thy sepulchre she reared,
 To bury him, the Nations fear'd.

Sleep in thy grave of triumph high,
 Thy fame its ruling God—
 It is not, to the Pilgrim's eye,
 A desolate abode !
 The sun that cheers thy rock-girt grave,
 Beholds that wild and gloomy wave,
 By earth's way-farers trod—
 From Nations, far remote, they steer,
 To honor him who slumbers there.

They need no tablet to denote
 Thy triumph and thy pride;
 They ask : " Is this the lonely spot,
 Where great Napoleon died !"
 A mottoed or a trophied bust,
 Were but a mockery of thy dust—
 When Albion these denied,

A greater triumph than her will,
 She gave thy fame, in trembling still.

Her shame becomes thy trophy, then,
 And when thy deeds shall be
 A doubtful record among men,
 Her fears shall honor thee !
 The captive in his prison hall,
 The Nations say, could still appal,
 The Mistress of the Sea—
 Could still, like Eblis thrown and bound,
 Rock the whole Earth's foundations round.

And not like other humbler foes,
 Did each choice ally dare ;
 Herded, the monarchs met thy blows,
 Nor then conceal'd their fear.
 They trembled, though o'erthrown, to chain,
 Their captive in their own domain—
 But in the ocean drear,
 They call'd upon the rocks and sea,
 To yield a prison house for thee !

There take thy rest—mausoleum meet,
 Which gathering worlds may see—
 A column, in a princely street,
 Could add no pride to thee—

For genius, less supreme than thine,
The brass of Austerlitz might shine,
And fit memorial be ;
For him, whose life, was one long chain
Of glorious triumphs, it were vain.

ODE ON THE LATE POPULAR SUCCESSES.

WELL have the nations spoken.—Nature, well,
Hast thou sprung up, at last, to claim thy right ;
And on their hearths, and in thy people's sight,
And on the graves, where their old fathers fell,
The glorious and for aye recorded graves,
Where earth first taught her children to rebel,
Against the Tyrants who would make them slaves,
Thou hast stood forth, and rung the fearful knell,
The tocsin of the free heart—which must spread,
Wherever man shall make his home and be,
What nature and his God have made him, free,
And wear unshackled limbs and lift a Freeman's head—
And look upon the orb, whose kindling glance,
Foe to all darkness, walks the untrammell'd day,

And holds out shows of high deliverance,
 To all who dare pursue a kindred way.
 He melts the fetters of the frost, he breaks
 The chains of ice which binds the settled lakes,
 His march is o'er the mountains, and he sees
 Far as the earth is spread, and with the breeze,
 The wide expanse and limitless domain,
 Which, from each barrier and from ev'ry chain,
 His subtle and pervading spirit, frees.

Shines he not forth for man? Yields he not some
 Of that true fire to earth? It was no dream,
 No fable that the ancient spoke, who said,
 That when the first glance of his glorious beam,
 With dawn, came down upon old Memnon's head,
 It spoke—the marble was no longer dumb.
 Sweet music from the cold lips, like a spell,
 Upon the slumb'ring sense that heard it, fell—
 Life was the boon, Apollo brought, to free
 The barren rock—who reads the enigma well,
 Shall learn *that* life was Light and Liberty.

Shall that truth be unread?—shall man grope on,
 A kindred thing to darkness—bent, bow'd down,
 Dust on his forehead, chains upon his hands,
 Whilst one can feel the sunlight, and the other,

Driven by the spirit which no sway can smother,
 Can grasp and wield the exterminating brands.
 Shall not that sunlight, pregnant as it is
 With life, the inextinguishable life,
 Prolong'd through each reverse, unquench'd by strife,
 A part and parcel of the immortal spirit,
 Though long by fraud withheld, at last, be his.
 Shall he not claim his birth right, and inherit,
 The garment of his very nature, wrought,
 Into his kindred soul and garner'd there,
 A principle of first born, natural thought,
 'Twere foreign to his essence, not to share—
 Portioned unto his being, at the first,
 And in the fountain of all spirit, nurst,
 Slumb'ring, at times, and trampled, but at length,
 Destined, each link that holds it down, to burst,
 With its own deep, and terror-rousing strength.

Though long the night, and dark—there is a day
 When he must waken. It is well to sleep!—
 Repose wins power, and the old shepherd's say,
 That in the æry where the Eagles keep,
 They slumber for long seasons, to arise,
 With nerve renew'd, to hold their sunward way,
 Aloft and glorious through their kindred skies.
 That day has come, and to his nature true,
 Upward, the giant—roused, refreshed and strong,

Leaps from his sleep of ages, to renew,
 The struggle for his birthright and regain,
 The guerdon of his being—to remake,
 The rich spoil—from the spoiler, and to slake,
 In the oppressor's blood, himself hath slain,
 His vengeance, fondly nursed and cherished long,
 For each transgression and for every wrong.
 And thus commissioned, well hath he pursued,

The prey, so long triumphant in success ;
 Insatiate rapine, quenchless, unsubdued,

That, with the serpent's tooth and tiger's mood,
 Wamoned in blood, nor felt its hunger less.

The stern pursuer hath been taught to fly,

The prowler hath delivered up his prey,
 Himself the victim of a destiny,

No less remorseless, but more just than they
 Were doom'd to meet, his madness sought to slay.

The fiat hath been spoken. Nature's God,

To Nature hath been just. His lifted rod,

Hath smote the Tyrant, in his very hall,

Of mingling crime, and pride and festival.

The plagues, that on his people hath been sent,

Of death and chains and foreign banishment,

Upon his own head, triply deep, come down—

Exile, and wounds and death, shall tame the sway

That crush'd the promise of earth's generous fruits,

And struck the axe unto Life's very roots,
Obscured the sun's blest light, and threw a cloud o'er day.
Gloomy, the Bourbon imbecile hath gone,
Rest of all power, upon his path, alone,
Unpitied in his fall, unhonor'd on his way :
While the base jackals, which had urged him on,
To the strange madness of his worthless reign,
Shall perish, with the thousands, they have slain,
A by-word, and a mockery, and a jest,
Some, shall deride with scorn, and some, more just, detest.

ALGIERS AND FRANCE.

THE Dey of Algiers, is reported to have been highly tickled at the downfall of Charles X. This proves most conclusively, the assertion of an old Frenchman on a former similar occasion, that there was little or no sympathy among the great. Not that we would, for a moment, disparage in so far the pretension of the latter Ex-Monarch, as to put him upon a footing with the former potentate. Although as great a scoundrel, we can hardly consider Charles so great a man, or one, so likely to satisfy the demands of his subjects, as him of Algiers. But the parallel is otherwise irresistible and we leave our muse to pursue it. The Dey is reported to have said, on hearing of Charles' downfall, "ha ! The great man drove me from my throne, yet, was not the master of his own His people have now driven him from his."

And dost thou boast of this, thou bearded pirate,
 Whisker'd, mustachioed, to the very eyes ;
 And dost thou hold thyself up, at this high rate,
 Comparing thyself to their majesties,
 The sovereigns of the Christian world—those gentry
 Renowned in peace and war, and thro' all ages,
 Who over Christendom have long stood sentry,
 And fill'd so many of its wondrous pages.
 What claim hast thou, thou Turkish raggamuffin,
 Chief of some hundred camels and a harem—
 From both of which, the French, thy spoils are stuffing,
 And all that thou canst do, can never scare 'em.
 What claim, I ask, thou dog, hadst thou to offer
 To place thyself alongside *le longue homme* ?
 Thy bags of mocha, surely, and thy coffer,
 Of illy got piastres—stolen from,
 Some of thy thousand cruisers, could not warrant
 The insolence of spirit, which would dare,
 Lift up to Charles' mark, one so abhorrent,
 A Turk—though he be monarch at Algier.

Thou hadst but little skill in diplomatic—
 Wast not a statesman—had'st not at thy back,
 A prince, so very able and pragmatic,
 As the tall king possess'd in Polignac.
 Thy beard—in this respect I do not flatter—
 Was not of the true color—though you seem,

Not to consider this so great a matter—

Believe me, 'tis more weighty than you deem.

Your subjects—and in this you both agree well—

Were made your common implements and tools ;

And while the humble creatures fail'd to see well,

There were not many found to break your rules.

In this, sufficient likeness lay between you,

To make your after fortunes parallel—

Your council in both cases fail'd to screen you,

From the just fate you both deserv'd so well.

Thou had'st, 'tis true, thy own worth in partic'lar—

Thou did'st not take the Lord's name to deceive ;

Ner wert thou, in Church sacrifice, a stickler,

And had'st no high inducement to believe—

When that thy spirit craved for blood, it had it,

Nor ask'd permission from the Hall of Peers—

When thou did'st lack a subject's head, thou bad it,

Come off, with moustache, whiskers, nose and ears.

Thou sought'st no charter for thy slaves' undoing,

It was enough, thy spirit craved to see

A rich old Jew upon the road to ruin,

His gold first stor'd within thy treasury—

A Greek girl in thy Harem—a Circassian,

Inviting as the vale where she had birth—

And thou would'st have them all, what'er the fashion.

Of human right or law upon the earth ;

Or tear thy beard, or sack thy old Sultana,
 Or bow-string send, to chief, below'd the most,
 Inviting him, in the most courteous manner,
 To send his head back, by return of post.

Thou said'st thy pray'rs, or made thy Emirs say 'em,
 A practice which they did not dare refuse—
 Mild were thy laws, though did they not obey 'em,
 They were not long allow'd to pick and choose ;
 They never sought to modify, but took 'em,
 As men take wives, for better or for worse ;
 They hugg'd their fates, nor ever yet forsook 'em,
 Howe'er the blessing might become a curse.

And Charles was fill'd with joy without reflection,
 With that proud sway, that to his kingly view,
 Seem'd then, the very acme of perfection,
 Best model of a government, he knew—
 And sought to build upon a like foundation,
 A priestly monarchy in close divan—
 But July is too hot for reformation,
 And so the monarch melted to the man :
 Then sunk into the coward—then departed
 With the crown jewels stepping to his carriage,
 With his more tory wife, now broken hearted,
 In weather of the warmest, since their marriage.

By force of march, the weather sometimes raining,
 Unlike the monarch, in resistless force,
 They took their private carriage, much complaining,
 Preferring chariot driving, to the horse.
 They say he shoots his gun without a license,
 In merry England, at each random hare,
 Nor sees the cutting humor and the sly sense,
 With which the sturdy yeomen hail him there.

They recommend, and 'tis a wise suggestion,
 That you and Charley, open public house ;
 Together, you will pass without much question,
 Nor suffer for much poaching on the grouse :
 You can attend the bar, and Charles the table,
 Madame provide the supper and the cheer,
 And some of your fresh damsels, young and able,
 Make up the beds, and all the chambers air—
 Bourmont may be the Ostler, and Ragusa
 Would make a clever Boots, without much lacking—
 And hear and heed, the ready call, of “you sir,
 “Why are my pumps this morning without blacking!”

NAPOLEON'S PROPHECY.

It is said by Dr. O'Meara, in his "Voice from St. Helena," (page 160,) that Napoleon conversed much upon the probability of a Revolution in France. "Ere twenty years have elapsed when I am dead and buried," said he, "you will witness another Revolution in France. It is impossible that twenty nine millions of Frenchmen can live contented under the yoke of sovereigns imposed upon them by foreigners, and against whom they have fought and bled for nearly thirty years. Can you blame the French for not being willing to submit to the yoke of such animals as Monchenu."

Without conceding much of the wizard spirit to Napoleon, on the present occasion, the inference being fairly deducible from the circumstances attending the restoration of the Bourbon Dynasty, we must nevertheless

regard this prediction, now that it has been so fully verified in every respect, with much and devout attention. On the part of Napoleon, it betrays a great degree of familiarity with the French character, and leads us to remark another cause of the wonderful influence which he maintained over that people; an influence, indeed, which has identified his name with the nation, and which, though his living influence be no longer felt, still maintains for him an undying record in the memorials of its glory.

And deem'st thou that France, in her free shining vallies,
 And the people so gallant in peace and in war,
 Shall slumber supinely when liberty rallies,
 And waves her proud ensign of triumph afar;—
 Content in her chains, and unconscious of glory,
 Untroubled by shame, and unfit to be free,
 Shall the nation, already immortal in story,
 To the tyrants they've fought with so long, bend the
 knee.

Believe it not stranger—though now they dissemble,
 Since weaken'd by fight, and by fraud overthrown;
 They will rise in their strength, and the tyrants shall
 tremble,

Who for thirty long years they have fought with alone:
 Then, who shall resist the fierce strength of that power,

When her millions of freemen, in might shall advance,
 With one spirit endued, at the same glorious hour,
 To strike for the honour and freedom of France !

Believe not, that long, 'neath the shroud of dishonor,
 Her national spirit will slumber in shame ;
 Already, the day-star is bursting upon her,
 And guiding her feet back to glory and fame ;
 No spot on her shield and no stain on her story,
 No chain on her wrist and no cloud on her brow,
 Through the mists of the future, I beacon her glory,
 As bright and as perfect as if it were now.

She will blush for her shame—she will rise with the terror,
 The wrath and the power of freedom, alike ;
 And dearly the Tyrant shall pay for his error,
 And firmly and fairly shall Liberty strike :—
 No lip shall reprove them, no power subdue them,
 No folly mislead them, but firm as the shore,
 They shall rise for their rights, and the nations shall view
 them
 Asserting their freedom, and taking no more.

THE TRI-COLOR.

Glory to the Tri-color,
Gallant emblem of the free,
Trampled long, in dust and gore,
Still the sign of Liberty.
Lo ! again, in pride it soars,
And the gallant heart admires,
Freedom, that thy noblest shores,
Cherish children like their sires.
High in beauty it ascendeth,
In the world's admiring eyes,
Gracefully each colour blendeth,
'Neath the warm, approving skies.
Emblem of the ever true,
First, appears the eternal blue ;
Purity and Truth are seen

In the lily's white between,
 To these, join the living red,
 Sign of blood, so often shed,
 For the rights, which kings had better,
 Well consult, before they fetter.

Glory to the Tri-color—

Long in beauty may it wave,
 Trod by Tyrant's feet, no more,
 O'er the lofty and the brave.
 Freedom has no higher sign

In the archives of her trust,
 And, in splendor, it shall shine,
 When the regal crown is dust.
 May the form that bows before it

Hold its quarrel to the last,
 And the Heav'n that gathers o'er it,

Shield it from each angry blast—
 Consecrate each gallant martyr,
 Who has bled for Freedom's charter,
 While his blood, so freely ta'en,
 Shall not then be spilt in vain—

Other spirits shall appear,
 Proud as those who perish'd there,
 Gifted with the aspirations,
 Which have bless'd and saved the nations.

A TRIBUTE.

To the two young citizens of the United States, who, at the first rising of the Parisians in the late struggle, took up arms in the cause of liberty, and on the day of its commencement, perished in the conflict.

Glory, unto the gallant youths, who stood,
Generous and firm, in freedom's sacred van;
Unshrinking, who poured forth their dearest blood,
Asserting, dying for, the rights of man!
And glory to the banners of that nation
Whose sacred name they bore, and with whose spirit,
Proudly endued, who took their fearless station,
With those who did a common cause inherit!
They shall have glory—undiminished glory,
Well registered, and written down in story,

When Tyrants are no longer seen, or stand,
 In recollection vague, or dim tradition,
 As do the giant bones that fill our land,
 Wrecks of some mighty ruins of the past—
 Relic of monster's whose o'ergrown condition,
 The very God that made them, had to blast !

High honor to our countrymen—the brave,
 Who did not shrink from the impending strife,
 But, taught in the true principle, who gave,
 Freely in Freedom's cause their blood and life.
 They shall have memories in the coming hours,
 And choicest recollections, which shall be,
 Green as the summer's leaves and fresh as flow'rs,
 That, thro' all seasons bloom eternally.
 Their memories shall be trophies, and shall stand,
 Linked with the martyrs who have bled before,
 A crowning monument in every land,
 A quenchless beacon for each storm-wrapt shore.
 Their deeds and fate, well chronicled shall be,
 Among the living archives of the free,
 And though unknown each unrequited name,
 Theirs is a title to undying fame.—
 The unchiselled marble under which they sleep,
 Shall hold a record which shall firmer keep,
 Even than itself, the memory of the fate,
 Which bore without a name, a glorious date.

What higher trophy than, when men would know,
How all around have names, but those below—
And then shall learn, that pilgrims, when the flame
Of Freedom rose, from foreign shores, who came,
Assailed the Tyrant monster in his den,
And bled and perish'd, for their fellow men ;
Nor claimed a bust, nor asked a shrine or tear,
To win one tribute for their bloody bier.



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